

NTRIED, unknown and fair. starwreathed hate. Untouched by any breath of ain

Undimmed by care the brow's white flame, The New Year meets us, face to face,

Laden with gifts of grace: The wealthy hours, with unknown blessings fraught. Fair space for earnest toil and fruitful

thought. For kindly word and generous deed, For binding up the hearts that bleed, For conquering self and sin, For waxing strong within.

Alas! all pale and cold. 'Mid drifting snows, withered and shrunk and

old. We see the Old Year's sad, accusing ghost, Laden with treasures we have lost:
The wasted hours, the deeds unwrought. The idle word and thought. The waiting good wherein we weakly falled, Sharp tests of life, where strength or courage

qualled: The gracious toll we might have shared. The lost for whom we might have cared-Sweet Heaven, how can we brook The Old Year's ghostly look?

Ah, let us gaze no more
On loss and failure that have gone before:
The future still hath space for truer life,
For generous deeds and noble strife: The soul that cannot rise with wings May climb to higher things. And Thou. Almighty One in whom we trust,

Who still rememberest we are but dust, Whose mercles all our sins outlest, Lift from our hearts the heavy past, That we may go with cheer To meet the glad New Year.

Samantha W. Shoup, in N. Y. Independent.





the Sun people knew Brierly could write a "bang-up story." And if they hadn't found it out he wouldn't have had any New Year's present, and this story would never have been written.

He had always been on the night desk, which is of the same family of furniture as an entertainment bureau. That is, he sat all night at a table with nine other men reading and editing local and telegraphic copy for the

It was the Sun's policy to hire some one from outside the office when they wanted a new man on the desk. And he came quietly in one afternoon as it was getting dark, and in a few words told the managing editor he was out of a job and could do desk work. He never said a word about salary, so the managing editor hired him.

He went to work that night, and it was a long time before anyone knew anything about him except that he lived on the hill. He never came till just as the clock

was striking seven, and it never stopped wheezing and puffing over the exertion before he walked in. He always said "Good evening, sir," to the night editor. The night editor always said "Good evening, Brierly," to him. Sometimes the lavish politeness would sprend to the other desk men. and they would wish him a good evening; but more than half the time they didn't take the trouble.

And then Brierly would sit right down to the grind and turn off more work and do it better than any other two men put together. The men could never fathom him.

He never went out to the 11:30 lunch they indulged in, and when he repeatedly declined to go down to Catder's and have a beer they threw up the case in despair and refused longer to take any interest in him as a healthy human newspaper man.

When the city edition was sent down at 8:30, and Rich, the night editor, said: "Good night, gentlemen." Brier- him, said "Come," and they started up | you haven't a place to go home and ly got up, echoed Rich's sentiments, the hill. and-vanished.

He never got any mail. In short, he was a mystery.

It was spring when Brierly came, and it was October before Dearborn stumbled on his story. When the ten o'clock mail came that night, Walter, the office boy who looked it over, uttossed an envelope across the desk to

le took it, cut it open, looked at the signature, turned white, stuffed the editing his copy.

Every eye in the room was on him, but he did not look up, just shut his him the letter and said: "read it." lips together tight and went on.

All but one man had sense enough to keep quiet. But he was a fellow who had a fatal faculty of thinking his own sayings funny, when they were only flat and intensely irritating. He sang out:

"Well, Brierly, got a letter from her write before? Come, let's hear it! Why rain beyond all recognition, looked at don't you tell us?"

Brierly changed color several times and stood the chaff as long as he could. Then he rose suddenly, threw down his blue pencil and roared out to

With that he flung out of the room. The witty man was so surprised to. Here it is: he gasped and the rest of the men

In five minutes Brierly came back

tiown at his deak in the large room, pewspaper business

Opening from it were several smaller cooms with a few desks in each.

city editor had gone home, and the allnight "on call" man had gone down to Dearborn, grumbling away to himself, dipped his pen into the tak and me that he wanted to go to work.

poised it in the air while he thought of short, striking sentence with which to begin his story of a night along the wharves. Just then he heard a sound like a muffled sob. He listened, and thought it was the wind. Having at last succeeded in fishing

from the recesses of his brain a short. striking sentence, he penned it quickly before it could escape him, and for five minutes his facile ponshid smoothly over the paper.

Then he needed another idea; again he beard the muffled sob. This time mant it. he launched a string of unusually pie-

that sound. Some one was sobbing room. strongly and trying to control himself. looking in and thinking what a dra- Dearborn." matic scene it was.

There sat Brierly in the middle of the room, his arms stretched out on and said: "My poor boy. I understand the desk before him, his head buried, you now." and his hand holding the letter. He was crying like a baby.

Dearborn stepped in and laid his hand firmly on Brierly's shoulder. Brierly turned a startled, defiant face up to Dearborn's and growled out: 'What do you want?"

"What's broken you up, old man?" said Dearborn. "Nothing," said Brierly, catching his

breath. "You're a liar," said Dearborn, "and you have got to tell me what the mat-

With that he stepped to the door, snapped the key, and put it in his

Then Brierly began to sob again. ed for Brierly to grow calmer. Finally he looked up and said with an ef-

"I have got a letter-from a brother -that's given me the blues. Come up the hill with me when we get good night and I will tell you."

place as usual and looking over a paper as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. They glanced inquiringly at him, but they didn't dare to while Brierly regarded him steadily. ask for an explanation.

"I said no, because I knew that he throwing on his oilskins he started would go to the devil in it. He started in at college and did not make the The office was deserted. The night sophomore class. He spent all the

money I could rake and scrape. "When he was dropped from his class I upbraided him severely, and in his careless, insincere fashion he told "I told him that he should g

through and that he should not go to work, surely not in a newspaper office. "He told me he never would go through college. "Then I pleaded with him not todis

grace the family name, and he promised to try again. But he did disgrace it not long after. He got into a terrible scrape and was expelled. "I couldn't stand that, and when he came to me with his story I cursed

turesque caths and started to investi- the literly will came to his aid, and vessel. he replied as bitterly that he didn't Yes, there could be no mistaking | need my help. With that he left my

"From then until now I have never Now, under all his rough, gruff exteri- seen him nor heard from him. God On it came, curling, seething, flashor old John Dearborn had as warm and knows I loved him better than my life. ing and foaming. With a last mad kind a heart as ever beat. Guided by the and how deeply I have regretted send- leap the breaker struck the shore, wetsound he softly opened the door of one ing him away. I never could track ting Brierly to his waist, and laying of the small rooms and stood there him, and now he's dead. That's all, at his very feet its burden.

> Dearborn went across the room, laid his old hand on Brierly's shaggy head, the body.

Then he left him and went home. It was only about a week after that rumor of an anarchist meeting came in very late one night. Rich looked around for a reporter, but it was so late that they had all gone home. The "on call" man was out on a

murder, and, with a curious desire to opened it, and saw-his own face. see what Brierly could do, he sent him to the meeting. The story he wrote was long the talk of the town.

After that they took him off the from the dead!" desk and put him on the staff as a ter is. Perhaps I can do something for special writer. When there was a big eaves and shricked like ten thousand piece of work to be done demanding demons. Then it would sob and moan descriptive writing, it was always and slip off like a pack of frightened Brierly who was sent.

The day before New Year's a terrible storm broke. It strewed wrecks never worked before. Dearborn hummed a tune, whistled a laleng the coast, and many a vessel bit, swore under his breath and wait- pounded her life out on the rocks that lined the shore for miles like a bar- the silent form to speak to him. And rier between the land and sea. "See here, Brierly," said the man-

aging editor that night, "the weather bureau people say this is going to be ally danced-with joy. the worst storm we have had for years. When the men came in at midnight nasty work for the life-savers. Got which said: from lunch Brierly was sitting at his any dianer invitations to-morrow?" Brierly only shook his head dreardy.

"Well," continued the managing editor; then he stopped and hesitated "O, hang it, Erierly," said the man-At 2:30 he said good night, hunted aging editor, "I'm sorry I have got to ten off her course in the storm, and up Dearborn, who was waiting for | send you down the coast, and I'm sorry



IT WAS THE BODY OF A MAN LASHED TO A SPAR.

When the whole story was told long afterward Dearborn said that during that walk to Brierly's room neither

spoke a single word to the other. When the gas flared up in Brierly's room, Dearborn saw a small cozy apartment with a desk in the center and the walls completely lined with tered an exclamation of surprise and books. A cot stood in a little alcove.

Brierly poked up the fire, handed Dearborn a pipe, lighted another him- reached the little scaport, and he self, and reachel' into his pocket. letter into his pocket, and went on and Dearborn, with the ready tact rocks like a single jewel in an iron

born of a long newspaper experience, crown. said nothing. Finally Brierly handed This is what Dearborn read:

"BEN-What's the use? It's three years since me, and I can't seem to catch on anywhere, almost jolly! No matter where I've been since I saw you. I am going to do really schething decisive in my life now; I am going to and it.

Brierly, and said:

"Well, old man, who's John?" "My brother." said Brierly.

And then he began to tell his story. and he never stopped until he had told and the wind came off the sea in great the witty man: "Shut up you" ugly it all, and even then he did not say a gusts that seemed strong enough to great deal. It was the shortest, sad- shake the little station down. dest history Dearborn had ever listened

"My father was a rich man once. night had settled down. laughed at his discomfiture when This is all that is left of his fine librathey recovered from their own aston- ry. He died poor long ago and my mother did not outlive him long.

"John and I were the only children. and sat down without a word. No- John was a little chap when they body said anything to him, and at died. I was twenty-one and I went to half-past eleven the editors went out work. I had been through flarvard, and just then the door burst open and for their lunch. On the stairs they and I scrimped and pinched and saved the beach paired thrust his head in met John Dearborn, who blessed them | every cent to send him through, but | and shouted: he did not care anything about such They went down discussing Brierly's; things. He was a careless, wild sort Something's on the Halfway rock and letter. Desrbort, went up and sat of fellow, and crazy to go into the shootin' rockets."

have a good time in. We want a bangup story on a New Year's day with the life-savers. We want it for Sunday, and just lay yourself out on it." Then he threw his arm over Brier

ly's shoulder and said, kindly: "See here, Brierly, what can I do for you?" "Nothing, sir," said Brierly,

shall start at once."

It was early morning when h started off for the station, on the bi All this time he had not said a word of a beach that was set among the The battle with the wind and snow

that wild New Year's morning calle out all his powers of resistance, an when he reached the station and told you refused to have anything more to do with the man in charge his errand, he was He was armed with a permit from the chief of the service, and the brave

honest fellows soon made aim at Dearborn read it through twice, home. He had a long chat with the at last, have you? Why didn't she looked at the postmark, blurred by man in charge, went out in oilskins and patrolled the beach awhile, then went back to the warm, comfortable station and examined all the apparatus, taking a few notes.

The storm increased in fury steadily

It grew dark early, and when the afternoon patrol came in at five o'clock ers on the sand was broken by a dif-

ferent sound. It was the boom of a gun over the water. They shock Brierly cut of his doze,

"Run out the gun and the lines Here was Brierly's chance Hastily N. Y. Press.

out with the men.

The snow had stopped falling. It was a bit lighter, and they could see the silver line of surf stretching either way on the beach. Its roar was so loud they had to shout in each other's ears to be heard.

With unceasing regularity the boom of the gun rode in to the men. At less regular intervals a fiery snake wriggled out of the blackness and died in

It was a tough struggle to the wa ter's edge, but at last they planted the gun and made ready to drop a line over the vessel. Several times they were unsuccessful, and pulled the line back again, but finally succeeded.

By this time the gun had ceased its booming and the flery snakes wriggled hira. I told him I was done with him no longer. briefly had walked along the pen was poised in the air. Again forever, and in my bitter wrath I the beach so he might look out at a different angle, and was standing "He was frightened at first. Then straining his eyes for a sight of the

He was just starting back when a huge comber came bounding in, bearing a black object on its crest. Brierly saw it and waited.

It was the body of a man lashed to a spar. All signs of life were beaten out of

Brierly cut the lashings, shouldered the body and fought his way to the station. It was deserted. By the light of the lamps he saw the man was young and that he was breathing. Brierly's first thought was identifi-

cation. Slipping his hand into the man's breast pocket he took out a little leather photograph case and For a moment he was puzzled. Then he gave the man's face a long look and

jumped to his feet with: "John, back Outside the wind whistled under the wolves. Those few moments seemed hours to Brierly, and he worked as he

Time and again he stooped over and kissed the cold, wet lips, calling on outside the wind went howling by. Then John opened his eyes and smiled, and Brierly danced-yes, actu-

The story is very nearly told. Next The wind is on shore, and it'll make morning Dearborn got a telegram,

"My brother is here; come. And when he came John told them how at the very moment he was going to end his miscrable life he had been persuaded to ship as a common sailor on board the Mermaid. She had gothere he was.

It was a week before he was able to go up to town. But when he did go he went to work on the Sun and is making a success there under the watchful eve of his brother. And the witty man says that: "Brierly

has gotten to be quite a decent sort of a fellow now."-George L. Sullivan, in

IN AMSTERDAM.

An Artist's Amusing Letter of His Expertences in the Dutch City. Jules Guerin, the artist, writing to a friend from Laren, Gooiland states: 'I started out with color box and canvas to paint the town. On the first bridge I was stopped by a policeman. Il : talked gibberish at me for a time and as near as I could discover he wanted me to climb off the earth. but I talked back at him and I think puzzled him a little. He let me remain on the bridge. Afterwards I went on one of the old canal boats and made some sketches looking towards a bridge and an old tower called the

'Tower of Tears.' This, I think, will

make one of the best pictures that I

have ever attempted. Mr. Gueria has had various experiences while on the other side of the pond this time. While walking through one of the slums in Amsterdam he came near getting robbed, and had it not been for his color box he claims he certainly would have, and probably worse might have happened to him. He writes: "I was walking in the Jewish quarter. I passed along unmolested for a way, when I came up to a group of men near some sort of a passage. One said something to another villainous-boking chap, who stopped me. He said something I could not understand. At any rate he was ready to put his hand in my pocket while the other was holding me from the back. I pointed towards my color box and made an effort, throwing them off, still pointing to the bex-why I don't know. They stood back astonished, and so was I, but I quickly moved out of that neighborhood. It puzzled me what made them let me go, and the only conclusion I could arrive at was that the color box in my hand gave away my profession; they said to themselves: 'He is a painter; if we tob him we are in debt." -Chicago Tribune.

The fire was bright. The night was drear. We sat and praised the parting year.

One guest gave thanks for added wealth, The age I father to 4, with joy, The coming of his absent boy

"A gladsome year!" the brother cried. And smilled upon his rosy bride "Ah, yes!" the sister said, and pressed

It was a plerious year. In truth,

I grined my 'sheepskin'" eried the youth The patient mother gently sighed. Then softly sald: "To her was given The tent's best gift, for she has Heaven.

hirs. McVean-Adams, in S. S. Times life Needs. "Aaron's boy would do tiptop if he had a string long enough," said one

neighbor to another. "I don't know what use a business man can put a string to," said neighbor number two.

"Well, if he could tie up all the loose ends that he leaves dangling, tie himwhen the steady pound of the breakbook together and then tie his tongue so it wouldn't wag so busy, he'd be as useful a man as we have got in town. But I doubt if it can be done. It would take considerable string." - Youth's

> -"No." said Mrs. Fisher, "I don't call myself a lady, but simply a plain woman." "Well," said Mrs. Candor, 'you're plain enough; that's a fact "-

CALENDAR FOR 1895.

JULY

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JANUARY

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A MIRACLE IN TEXAS.

Investigated by the Texas Christian Advocate and Vouched for by Dr. C. H. Stansbury.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. Chener & Co, Toledo, O. Toledo, O. Toledo, Pills, 25 cents. (From the Texas Christian Advocate.) Our representative has made a careful investigation of the H. E. Spaulding case at Longview, which is here published for the first time, and which will be read with great interest by medical men everywhere. In reply to the Christian Advocate's questions Mr. Spaulding said: About eight years ago while running a locomotive I contracted sciatic rheumatism in my left side from my hip down. It came on slow but sure and in a few months I lost control en-tirely of that member, it was just the same as if it was paralyzed, I was totally unable to move out of my room for a year and a half, six months of which time I was bed ridden. I triod every remedy suggested, and had regular physicians in constant attendance on me. I was bundled up and sent to Hot Springs where I spent three months under the treatment of the most eminent Sure to Have a Good Time.—"Have you received an invitation to the Barbelors' ball?" "Yes, indeed. I'm to be the only girl there." "What!" "Yes; really. You know the bachelors only had an invitation apiece to send out, and I've received one from each."—Harper's Bazar. specialists, ail of which did me no good and I came back from the springs in a worse condition than when I went. I came home and laid flat on my back and suffered the most excruciating agonies, screaming in pain every time any-body walked across the room, the only case I obtained being from the constant use of of agony, during which time my entire left leg perished away to the very bone, my atpeople are cross. They ought to take Hostet-ter's Stomach Bitters and banish the bile tention was called to a new remedy called from their blood and their tempers at one and the same time. The Bitters is an infallible preventive of malarial, kidney and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, by Mr. Allison who is now train dispatcher Texarkana, and who was relieved of locomotor ataxia of twenty years duration. At his urgent and repeated solicitation I conpepsia and nervousness. It bowels without griping them. sented to give them a trial, after taking a

until I was finally cured. My leg is just the same size now as the other one, and I am sure that Pink Pills not only cured me but saved life. The reporter next visited Dr. C. H. Stans bury, a graduate of one of the medical schools of Kentucky, and a man who en-joys the confidence of everybody in Long-view. He said: "I know that Mr. Spaulding had a terribly severe attack of sciatic rheu-matism of which I tried to cure him; used everything known to my profession in vain and finally recommended him to go to Hot Springs. He came back from the springs worse than when he went and I thought it was only a matter of time until his heart would be affected and he would die. I also know that his cure is the direct result of the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."
"That is rather an unusual statement for a regular physician to make, doctor."
"I know it is, but a fact is a fact, and there are hundreds of people right here in Leaguiew who know what I say is the truth. I also know Mr. Allison and know that he was relieved of a greening and severe

few doses I began to improve. I continued

taking the pills and kept right on improving

that he was relieved of a genuine and severe case of lecomotor ataxia of twenty years standing." He Was Full Already. She-Just think, Cousin Fritz while oming home from his club last night

fell into the water. He-Great Heavens! I hope he didn't lrown.

She-He couldn't drown. He was so full he couldn't swallow any water .-Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

"Rivers," said Banks, "turn round and let me see how it fits you. . . . Yes, it's a pretty fair sort of overcoat.

hope it's paid for." "Banks," responded Rivers, with dignity, "the difference between you and my tailor is that he hopes it will be

paid for."-Chicago Tribune. Not Yet Wedded. Wife-I thought that couple walking

ahead of us were married, but they are Husband-How do you know? Wife-She stopped to look into a shop window, and he stopped and looked,

too.-Christmas Puck. Their Redeeming Feature. Mme. Bashleu-I think Ruskin's titles for his books are so happy.

Mme. Smithson-How so? Mme. Bashleu-When you know the title of one of his books you always know one of the things it isn't about -American Reformer. A Great Career Before Him.

this city as you were at home," said the visitor. "I'm not," answered the young man, proudly. "I don't owe anybody here a cent."-Washington Star.

"You don't seem as well known in

Not to the Point. Prisoner-It's hard to charge me with forgery. I can't even sign my own Magistrate - That point is im-

material; it's another man's name you're accused of signing.-Answers. Why He Prefers California. She-So you are going to California instead of Europe?

He-Yes; it's easier to get back. She-How is it? He-The walking's better.-Brooklyn

No Substitutes

-Lord Lansdowne, late vicercy of

duke of Cambridge, who was made a

received the honor from Queen Victoria.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

If Santa Claus

STOCKLY-"I hear that your son went into

"He went into the office to work me. I was

out, but I guess I'd have been out more if I'd been in."—Philadelphia Record.

Is price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping

Car from Kansas City on the famous Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions."

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

JUNIORUS-"The governor writes, in reply

to my last letter asking for money, that he is on the verge of giving up in despair." Cophomorocus—"That's encouraging. My

dad curtly informs me that he deesn't pro

Mothers, When Your Children

Take cold and are sick with a Cough or Croup, give them Allen's Lung Balsam; you will be pleased with the result. It contains no opium and its action is expectorant,

causing the phiegm to rise and the inflamed

girl?" Little Girl - "If the company doesn't object I prefer to pay my fare and keep my own statistics." - Vogue.

membrane to heal rapidly.

pose to give up at all."-Buffalo Courier.

For Royal Baking Powder. The "Royal" is shown by all tests, official, scientific, and practical, stronger, purer, and better in every way than all other Baking Powders. Its superiority is privately acknowledged by other manufacturers, and well known by all dealers.

If some grocers try to sell another baking powder in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit. This of itself is good evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

LOOK with suspicion upon every attempt to palm off upon you any baking powder in place of the "Royal." There is no substitute for the "Royal."

India, and formerly governor-general of Canada, who has been made a Knight of the Garter, is the third successive marquis of his line to receive this honor. Seven duks of Devonshire Strangers !"—Fliegende Blatter. in succession have been Knights of the Nor His WEAR POINT-Ajax-"Wert thou Garter, six dukes of Richmond and of not wounded in the battle to-day, Achilles!
Methought I saw thee stricken by a Tro-jan spear." Achilles—"I was stricken,
Ajax; but, fortunately, Igotit in the neck."
—Puck. Rutland, five dukes of Beaufort and of Northumberland, three marquises of Salisbury, and three earls of Spencer. Of the ordinary knights Earl Fitzwilsenior since the recent death of Earl Grey; of the royal extra knights the

Knight of the Garter by King William IV., in 1835, is the most ancient; he is the only knight now living who has not | ord

STRANGER-"Zum Donnerwetter, now you

Teaches - "Now, Charley, tell us what you know about Crosses?" Charley - "Dudes wear 'em in their pants." - Harlem Life.

In Our Great Grandfather's Time, big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of that decade they were big and clumsy, but ineffecury of enlightenment, we have Dr. Pierce's lets, which cure all liver,

ments in the most effective way. Assist Nature little now and then, with a gentle, cleausing laxative, thereby removing of-feuding matter from the stomach and bowels, toning up and invigorating the liver and quickening its tardy action, and you thereby remove the cause of a Were billious he wouldn't be the jovial friend multitude of distressing diseases, such as fillious headaches, indigestion, or dyspepsia. headaches, indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness, pimples, blotches, cruptions,

boils, constipation, piles, fistulas and maladies too numerous to mention. If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, they would have less fre-quent occasion to call for their doctor's ailments, and triumphs over dya-It regulates the services to subdue attacks of dangerous

That, of all known agents to accomlish this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are unequaled, is proven by the fact that once used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity,

Through cars on fast trains leave Kansas City Wednesdays via Ft. Worth and El Paso, and Fridays via Scenic Route. Write for particulars to G. D. Bacox, G. A. P. D., 106 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo. th sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and indigestion. A free sample of the "Pellets," (4 to 7 doses) on trial, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address

on postal card. Address, World's Dispensary Medi-



CONDUCTOR—"How old are you, little girl?" Little Girl—"If the company doesn't SHUTTLES, REPAIRS. | BE BLECK M'FG C

> \$100 A MONTH, Selling our goods. Mail Co NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Abbott, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894. A. N. K., B. 1532. "You'p better discharge that new writer -he can't spell." "You are mistaken; we aave merely discovered a great dialect ge-WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE

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